

## Chaperone by PlusSizeReader

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**Summary:**

Billy Hargrove x Plus size!reader

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Summary: The Snow Ball needs chaperones, and reader is more than willing to help...but will her bf Billy be as inclined to do so? Probably not.

## Chaperone

When you had agreed to chaperone the annual Hawkins Middle School 'Snow-Ball' you weren't really sure what to expect.

Having just moved to Indiana with your boyfriend and his family from California, you'd never really had snow, led alone a dance celebrating it.

Still, Nancy Wheeler had reached out to you and asked if you wanted to help her and her friend, Jonathan with the dance. She had signed up to pour punch or something, and Jonathan had agreed to take pictures but they still needed someone to man the snacks and take tickets at the door.

That was where Billy came in.

You two had never really been joiners when it came to helping out with school functions but this was a fresh start and a new town, so it couldn't hurt. Besides, if anything, it would just be a good change of pace for you both.

One thing was for sure though, if you were going to do something social within the school, you were determined to make sure Billy was getting the same exposure.

Having him be there wouldn't be the problem, the trouble was that there was no way he was going to agree to do it.

Billy wouldn't under any circumstances, dream of going to something so stupid. It didn't matter how much he cared about you or how many times you asked, he would rather die than subject himself to some middle school dance.

It wasn't going to happen, and that's what he kept telling you, in hopes that information would somehow find its way through your thick skull.

But it didn't.

Billy may have been stubborn but you were even more hard-headed

than he was. If he thought you were going to give up and leave him alone, he had another thing coming.

“Please baby, I think it would be a good time” you pleaded, once again. You just kept asking as if that would make a difference. If you were lucky, maybe it would.

If you knew Billy at all, he would give in eventually just to get some peace and quiet. He loved you but you could be so god damn annoying when you set your mind to something and didn’t get it.

That being said, he was staying strong right now because it was worth it to him if he wasn’t going to have to go to some stupid dance.

“Nope”

You sighed, what was it going to hurt for him to go for one night? Max was going, and if that girl could get dressed up and go to a dance, then Billy could at least show up.

If not for you, than for her.

“But Max and I are going? Don’t you want to come look out for your girls? Who knows what could happen to us all alone” You tried, hoping you could guilt him into it. Billy may have acted like he didn’t care, but he was one of the most protective men you’d ever known.

“Nope”

At this point, you wondered if he was doing it just to make you angry. There was a good chance he was, because he knew that if he could you’d give up and tell him to stay home.

But that wasn’t going to happen this time.

“Damn it Billy, why not?” you yelled, getting your point across over the volume of poison on the car radio. You were trying so hard and he wasn’t even phased.

That was one of the worst things about Billy, if you were being honest. He had this ability to just pretend that he didn’t care about anything in the world, and it made you angry.

You loved him, but it wasn't going to kill him to go out with you.

"Because that sounds miserable" he scoffed, drumming along to whatever hair metal was on the radio instead of actually looking at you. He knew that if he looked over at those sparkling eyes of yours, he would melt.

And there was no way he was gonna go to some stupid dance...no way in hell.

~

Tearing tickets, that was all he'd been doing for hours.

Every time, it went the same way. Some pimply preteen with braces and frizzy hair handed him their ticket with shaky hands and waited for him to tear it. He would, and then hand the sliver back without a single ounce of enthusiasm on his face.

It was an endless cycle like that, and he'd had enough.

"I'm done, I'm leaving" he huffed, tossing down a bundle of ticket stubs down on the table next to you where you'd been keeping the snack tables full.

You wanted to say that you were surprised that he was giving up so early but you weren't. You had been expecting this as soon as he agreed to show up. He would humor you but that was the extent of it.

As far as Billy was concerned, he'd done what you asked.

He showed up, he tried and now he was done.

It was as simple as that.

"It's only been an hour Billy, you can't go home yet" you reasoned, reaching over to pluck a cupcake from the stand, it was chocolate... his favorite. If there was going to be one thing that encouraged him to stay, it was you.

...And maybe chocolate.

"I can't?" he hummed, taking the wrapped treat from your hands. He was in the mood for it, but didn't dig in just so you'd know that he wasn't going to be bought so easily.

You may have been stubborn, but so was he.

It didn't matter if he wanted cupcake or not, there was nothing you could do to convince him to stay in this shithole any longer. It was bad enough that he'd been tearing tickets for snot nosed brats all night, but he had hardly seen you at all this whole time.

He was literally getting nothing out of this.

"No Billy, you can't. You promised that you'd help with this, besides the dance is only until nine" you reasoned, knowing that it had to be at least eight o'clock by now.

Before he knew it, this whole thing would be over.

All he had to do was hold out for a little bit longer, and you knew just what to do to convince him.

"How about this?" You suggested, catching his attention a bit as you rounded the snack table. There was this look of determination on your face, letting him know that you definitely had something on your mind.

However, he didn't move to stop whatever plan you'd set into motion in your head. It was much better to just let it play out how you wanted and go from there.

"How about, you man the snack bar, and I'll take care of those snot-nosed brats for a little while?" You suggested, knowing that he'd much rather just keep watch as the kids grabbed different desserts. At least this way, he didn't have to interact with anyone.

To you, it seemed like the best option. It was the perfect middle ground that got you both what you wanted. This way Billy didn't get to leave, but he was away from those little gremlins that spited him so much.

Not to mention that you were in desperate need of some

conversation. You had been standing alone behind the table for what seemed like hours and it was really getting old.

Billy considered this for a moment.

It did have its up sides, for sure. However, he had really been hoping that you'd allow him to leave when he pouted the first time.

Your suggestion wasn't ideal by any means, but it was much better than anything else he was going to get tonight...he knew that for a fact.

As long as he was here, there would be nothing but work going on.

"Fine, I'll make sure nobody spikes the punch" he huffed after thinking it over for a few moments.

As soon as the words left his lips, you smiled knowing that you'd won. It wasn't going to happen this easily every time you negotiated with him, but once in a while, he would let you have your way.

"Thank you Billy, I love you" you grinned, pressing a quick kiss to his lips in thanks.

You could feel him moving closer to you as he tried to deepen the kiss, right there on the dance floor but you had places to be. As much as you wanted to just keep kissing him all night, it just wasn't possible.

You had a job to do.

"Later handsome" you promised with a wink, heading off in the direction of the entrance to help anyone out who looked like they needed it.

Billy huffed at your leaving but didn't do anything about it. He knew that the sooner he just got this over with, the sooner he would be able to kiss you as much as he wanted.

One thing was for sure though, Billy Hargrove was never chaperoning another one of these dances...not even for you.